

FIREMAN'S



JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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All descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

(From the New York Leader.)

The Heart's Repinings.

BY GIMLICKS.

Hear me, Leader! Hear me!
For my heart is full of woe!
And the current of my wretchedness,
Is still upon the go.
I cannot stay its outward course,
Or stem its rushing tide;
But all upon its joyless wave,
I tossed with sorrow, rife!

I love a girl—a joyous thing—
But scarcely through her teens;
We vowed our vows, we sworn our loves,
Oh, dear! how nice it seems!
But Fate, alas! relentless judge!
Has elipt the thread in two,
And left us in our misery,
We think it hard—don't you?

Her father keeps a candy store,
And she is wont to wait
Upon the folks who come, I think,
Her charms to contemplate.
'Twas thus she won my virgin heart—
'Tid all my earnings hoard;
And candy, caught and candy,
My washing, bed, and board!

Time rolled along, so smooth, I thought
His path was always Rued!
The day was set, the cards engraved,
And future hopes discussed.
Time plays no false, alas! alas!
For now his girl's a hoarse;
The road I thought so fair and broad,
Is only paved with cobble!

One night, about a week ago,
As in her father's shanty,
We sat around the social board,
A playing "penny-ante"—
I did the best that I knew how,
And played my hand so neatly;
For only with a jack ahead,
I cleaned him out completely!

He swore I was a gambler—
And shouldn't have his daughter;
He wouldn't wreck her happiness,
He thought he hadn't got her.
Yes, sir, he did say of this,
The practical old joker:
And this was what I got, you see,
For playing bluff and poker!

I offered back the fifty cents,
Which I had won so clearly;
If he would only let me have
The girl I loved so dearly.
But, no! He seized me by the neck,
He kicked me out, and said, he,
"Mind you don't come back here again,"
I haven't been, already!

Cheer me, Leader! cheer me!
For my heart is full of grief!
And all the copious tears I shed
Have failed to give relief.
Oh, give me back my candy-girl,
And I will be content—
To pardon all her father's faults,
Or die in the attempt!

"Postponing" a Goose.

BY A PASSENGER.

Having business at Mobile some time since but being in no hurry to transact it, I determined to take passage in one of the packet ships that run between that city and New York. She was called the Rover, and was commanded by a sharp little fellow, a part owner, and who was therefore interested in making the trip as profitable as possible. The passengers were not long in making this discovery, for, as a general thing, a meaner tale was never provided in the meanest of third-class hotels, or even in a cheap New York boarding-house.

It happened that during the passage we were occupied one day upon a part of the coast which was known to be excellent fishing ground; and the captain, with a view of course, of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to bring out their fishing-tackle and try their luck. This was soon done; and sure enough, a large quantity of the fluky tribe was soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship, to the infinite satisfaction of the little skipper, and the no small delight of the passengers, who anticipated, for that day at least, a pleasant change of diet.

In the course of the morning the captain took occasion to enlarge upon the delicacy of the fish caught in that locality, and closed by asking—
"What say you to a fish dinner to-day, ladies and gentlemen?" Everybody said, "Oh, by all means!" and so it was arranged that the bill of fare that day was to comprise fish only.

Now, attached to the ship was a negro cook, a sleek, oily, and rather good-looking negro, who was called Centaur—a name which he obtained in sitting aside of the bowprit whenever it blew hard, and fearfully retaining his position, no matter how madly the vessel pitched and tossed amidst the turbulent waves. As this somewhat approximated to a daring act of horse-

manship, the name of Centaur was considered to be a very appropriate one, and with which the negro was by no means displeased. After the passengers had agreed to the fish dinner, I chanced to be on the forecastle, not far from the galley, when the captain came forward, and looking in, sung out—"Centaur!"
"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the personage.
"Cook a large mess of fish to-day for the cabin passengers' dinner; and, d'ye hear, postpone that goose!"

Such were the captain's directions, to which the cook replied—"All right, sir!"

After the captain's departure, poor Centaur seemed to be greatly troubled, and scratching his wool in the most vigorous and determined manner. I overheard him asking himself—"What de debil he mean by cookin' de fish and postponin' de goose? I ben on sebbel voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotel, man and boy, for ebbor so long, if not longer dan dat, and by golly dis de first time I ebbor hear of postponin' a goose, I don't b'lieve dat ebbor Mrs. Glass, de great cook dy talk 'bout, ebbor hear of it. It must be done, or dis child'll git some kinks, sure. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks ebbor of it! He knows ebery ting."

Jimmy Ducks was one of the crew—a real cockney, and, like every one born within the sounds of Bow bells, considered himself to be a sort of walking encyclopedia. If he didn't know he at least pretended to do so—and too often I am sorry to say, pretence is permitted to pass current.

Just as Centaur concluded his rumination, Jimmy and one or two others of the crew passed the galley door, and the bewildered cook rushed out and anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew "how to postpone a goose?" Now, Jimmy was somewhat sensitive, and probably thought for the moment that the term "goose" might apply to himself, and that there was a covert joke in the remark, for he was evidently taken aback, and his face began to flush. Centaur, however, explained:

"De case is dis you see. Cap'n says to me jis now, says he, 'Cook a large mess of fish for de cabin passengers' dinner to-day, an' postpone de goose. Now, dat is to say dat dis nigger can't git through his wool, no how, what postponin' a goose is!'"

"Oh," said Jimmy, seeing through the affair, and winking at his companions, "that's easy enough. I thought every feller knew that."

"I thought so too," said Centaur, innocently—"an' so I says to myself, Jimmy Ducks'll know."

"Well, you see," said Jimmy, looking very serious, "it ain't a common or very usual way of 'talking a goose'; but when it is served up hater fish, and nothing to follow, at the nobility's dinners, or at the Lord Mayor's banquets, then they 'postpone' it. Now, this is the mode of doing it: First pick the goose as clean as possible; then with a piece of lighted paper, burn the stumps of the feathers. After drawing the bird, you will stuff it with a mixture composed of 'ard-boiled eggs, chopped very fine, onions ditto; apples ditto; biscuit pounded into small bits; and portions of a fish previously browned on the fire. You will then put the goose into a pot, boil it for 'alf an hour; take it out, place it in the oven, and bake it for 'alf an hour; then put it on your spit, roast it until done, and you will serve it with prepared gravy."

Centaur listened with profound attention, and, noting carefully upon the tablet of his brain Jimmy's directions, started for the galley, highly elated.

The affair was of course kept a profound secret, and I would not have spoiled the expected joke for the world.

Dinner-time arrived, and Centaur certainly won honors for himself by the style in which he served the dish, both boiled and fried. Dish after dish had disappeared; and when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who, on removing the cover, to his great surprise and indignation discovered the goose! His wrath was not to be suppressed, even in the presence of the passengers, and in a towering passion, he shouted—"Send that infernal cook off directly!"

Poor Centaur entered the cabin, very greasy and good-humored, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was considerably startled by the question—
"What do you mean, you scoundrel, by this disobedience of orders?"

"Beyed orders, sir; done jes what you said, sir," he stammered out.

"Obeyed orders, you black rascal!" said the captain, greatly astounded—"Didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?"

Centaur looked perfectly amazed. "Course you did, sir; and I did it!"

"Did what?" shouted the captain.
"Postponed de goose, sir, 'ordin' to directions."

The passengers here began to scent the joke, and burst into a loud laugh. Even the little captain was somewhat mollified, and requested Centaur to explain himself.

"Well, sir," he said, "you ordered me to cook de fish and postpone de goose. Now, I nebber postpone one in all my life, an' ob course didn't know nothin' 'bout it, an' I foller 'actly his 'scriptip. By golly, I had trouble enough, don't want to postpone anoder, no how."

The darkey was off, in a twinkling, and there being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose; but for the life of us we could not tell whether we were eating fish, flesh or fowl. Jimmy soon afterwards appeared, and was compelled to repeat the directions he had given to the cook, forgiveness being only extended to him on condition that he should eat the whole of the goose; and I was appointed a committee of one to see the sentence duly carried out. The punishment, however, did not appear to be very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that much-abused goose.

"My heyes!" was his exclamation, when he had completed the task; if that's a 'postponed goose,' I wish the captin' up if one 'postponed every week. The dressin' 'owever, might be varied, so as to be a leeble more palatable."

A SHORT CONFRONTATION UNCLE BEN AND HIS NEPHEW BOB.

BY HARRY STEPHENS.

"I tell you what, my young hopeful, it's of no use for a man to think to thrive in spite of his wife. I know Jones, and I know Tompkins, too, and I know that Jones, but for Mrs. Jones, might have been as deep in the mire, to-day, as Tompkins is in the mud. 'Tis all fudge about Tompkins; bad management and want of forethought. There's no use in talking—a man can't thrive in spite of his wife. Forethought, forsooth! I tell you what, Bob, as a business man, Tompkins will match Jones, any day."

"Well, Uncle Ben, he might have foreseen that the house on Ninth street would be no place for business; Jones had the first offer of it, but he was not to be caught with chaff. He showed forethought in that, at any rate, I think."

"I tell you, sir, there was no forethought about the matter; Jones had nothing forcing him to run any risks. It was different with Tompkins; he had to leave the place he was in, and could see no hole to creep into, save the house on Ninth street. The unfortunate move with him, was a matter of necessity, and not of choice."

"Well, he might have known—"

"Well, perhaps he did know; but what of that? A poor man knows and does many things his better judgment don't approve. Necessity has no law."

"Yes, sir, but with a little forethought—"

"A little fore fiddle. I tell you, sir, forethought had nothing to do with it."

"Uncle Ben, ain't that just what I'm saying—a want of the 'second thought' was the difficulty, and—"

"I tell you, Master Hopeful, that was not the difficulty. Neither first thought, nor second thought, nor want of thought, had anything to do with it. The man was forced to it, and could do no better at the time. A drowning man will catch at straw. Is that first thought or second thought?"

"Well, he might have considered a—"

"Well, perhaps he did consider a—, but what did that help him to? Just to the conclusion that he could do no better for the time being. That was the short and long of it. You see, Bob, a good man can't work miracles now-a-days any more than he can thrive in spite of his wife. 'Twas all Mrs. Tompkins fault—that's the whole of it!"

"Well, Uncle Ben, I can't see."

"I don't doubt that, sir. None are blinder than those who do what I mean to see."

"No, no, not exactly that. But still, I think that a little prudence on the part of Tompkins—"

"A little fiddle and a farthing candle—fudge; I have no patience to hear such nonsense. I tell you, Master Bobby, your notion of men and things is crude and superficial—all gammon—Tompkins, poor Tompkins, sir, is one of those unfortunate men of whom the world is full—who must do as they can, when they cannot do as they would. Talk of prudence and forethought under such circumstances—all nonsense. Poor Tompkins! the only glaring want of prudence and forethought with which I ever knew him chargeable, was in matrimonial matters, and mistakes in that direction are so current among men (to say nothing of boys, Bob, who cannot 'tarry at Jericho until their beads are grown), that we do not take them into account as evidence of inability, or want of sagacity in other things. Some of the wisest, and best men the world has ever seen, have been sadly hoodwinked in those matters—discovering their imprudence 'a day behind the fair,' and finding, to their cost, that 'a man cannot thrive in spite of his wife.'"

"But, Uncle Ben, you know that everybody said that, Miss Jennings was a very nice young girl, when she married Tompkins."

"Whew! my bonny boy Bob, all the girls are 'very nice—very fine girls' before marriage, but all the fine girls don't make fine wives—everybody knows that, and a good many to their cost, among whom is poor Tompkins. Now, a word in your ear, Bob: as you are still a bachelor, and, apropos of marriage, Tompkins and Jones, individually, perpetrated matrimony in the same week, and on the same day of the week, and thereby hangs a tale, which, for your especial benefit, Master Bob, 'I will unfold.'"

Mr. Jones, your wonderful paragon of 'prudence and forethought,' proposed to Mrs. Jones a wedding. He had put past, he said, for that especial purpose, three hundred dollars. A very

pretty, snug little sum, this; and how very prudent and thoughtful for a young mechanic just beginning business, was it not, Bob? Well, Mrs. Jones said, if Jones was set upon it, she would not be obstinate, but she thought it would be far better to put aside the three hundred for a 'rainy day.' And Jones, John Gilpin-like, rejoiced to see that Mrs. Jones, like Mrs. Gilpin, 'was of a frugal mind,' and very prudently let her have her own way. The three hundred was judiciously invested, and Mrs. Jones went to housekeeping in a quiet, economical way, and this little timely investment, which, but for Mrs. Jones, would have been squandered on a foolish wedding tour, after a while increased to thousands.

"And what, think you, did Mrs. Tompkins do?"

Mrs. Tompkins—the 'very nice, very fine girl, before she married Tompkins,' as 'everybody said'—what did she do? In company with other silly, extravagant fools like herself, she sailed at 'then-pecked' Jones, as they called him, and simple Tompkins had to join in, of course—

Knowing ones shook their heads, and whispered one to another, 'He may laugh who wins.' But this was not all; Mrs. Tompkins must now have a fashionable wedding tour—if for no other reason, as she said, just to spite Mrs. Jones, and be like somebody. Tompkins said he had the three hundred, but Mrs. T.—that was the 'very fine girl,' Bob, before she married Tompkins,—thought, as that was just the sum named by Jones, Tompkins had better talk of four hundred, and what could Tompkins do?

"Of course the four hundred was spent, every dollar, and of this great achievement Mrs. T. boasted not a little, on her return. In her estimation, it was a splendid beginning. And now, to keep up appearances of 'high life below stairs,' for Tompkins, at her suggestion, had taken the ground floor of a large brick building, with a 'stone front,' she commenced housekeeping in a style that astonished the 'natives.' She said she meant to be 'like somebody.'"

"Now, Bob, my fine fellow, be warned—Mark, and learn, and inwardly digest. This 'very nice, fine young girl,' that was, as everybody said, 'before she married Tompkins,' what is she now? A poor, discontented, thriftless, fretting creature."

"Still striving vainly to keep up a show."

"The nearest approach to reason in animals I ever was witness," said the Doctor, "was at Ilatell Creek, near, I say, in Louisiana. Looking up to the eaves of a house, I saw a number of swallows' nests in a row, and no place of egress, I inquired of Mr. Beale, the proprietor of the building, how it was they came to be there, when he told me that in that neighborhood they were designated 'blind nests.' Before the return of the swallows in spring, some sparrows had taken possession of them. On the arrival of the original proprietors, attempts were made to eject the occupants; but the sparrows sat and maintained possession. Other swallows came to the aid of the lawful owners; but no power which they possessed would serve the purpose of ejecting the vicious squatters. Then they flew away, each returning, in a few seconds, with mud in his bill, when they closed up the holes, thus burying the sparrows alive; where, in those nests, they remain to this day. 'That,' said a friend, 'is a fine thing, who heard the relation, 'Was returning evil for evil, with a vengeance.' The Doctor, who was one of the last men to act on the *laissez-faire* system himself, commenced adverting, with an apt illustration, for the poor harmless swallows."

"What," said he, "if a man were to enter my house, take possession of it, and turn my wife and children out of doors, should I not, on finding that I could not eject him, be justified in nailing him in?"

"You HAVEN'T HAVE YOU?" While in a certain store, the other day, we saw a neat-looking old lady enter, with a basket on her arm, and a package in her hand, looking for all the world as if she had just popped out of a band-box, so clean and tidy was she. She stepped up to the counter, and the following dialogue took place between her and the clerk.

Old Lady—"You haven't any butter, have you?"

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, some nice and fresh, just received."

Old Lady—"You don't sell it at twenty-five cents yet, do you?"

Clerk—"That's our price, madam."

Old Lady—"You couldn't let me have a couple of pounds, could you?"

Clerk—"Oh, certainly." Taking the plate, he weighed out the butter, and she threw down a half dollar, which he scrutinized closely.

Old Lady—"You don't think that's bad, do you?"

Old Lady—"Much excited!"—"You wouldn't take this truck again, would you?"

Clerk—"How do you know I wouldn't?" and taking the butter, he dashed it back into the bin.

The old lady seized the plate and the bogus half, and started to leave, but when she got to the door, she turned around and said, in the way of a final clinch—

"You're not in any ways riled, I reckon, are you?"

YANKEE NOTIONS.—A Hoosier correspondent of the *Western (Ind.) Herald*, tells in the following, a good one, how a pedlar was taken in by the Spenceville, of Spenceville, in that State:

"Notions drove into town and commenced trade, when a merchant stepped up and selected goods to the amount of one dollar, and carried them into his store, and returned with a coin skin, and says: 'Sir, here is your pay for the goods.' 'But, hold on,' says the notions, 'I don't take coin skins for my goods.' 'Can't help it now,' says the merchant; 'the trade is made, and a coin skin is a dollar here—' 'I regret to hear of it,' says the notions, 'if I had seen your laws here, I guess I can stand it,' and as some conjecture a plan to get his coin skin into something available. Getting the coin skin into small compass as possible, he makes for a saloon, and there concludes to spend a quarter."

Holding one hand under his coat, with the other he beckons up three or four meek, and after drinking all round throws down the coin skin and demands seventy-five cents in change. "Yes," says the notions, "that is a good dollar," and handed him out three meek, and says, "Here, sir, is your change." Notions took his change and started.

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increased dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs! 'At will wake,' thought I, 'and then all is over!' At that juncture, something—it might have been a wall-lizard, or a large beetle—fell from the ceiling upon my left arm, which lay stretched at my side. The snake, uncaring its head, raised itself with a low hiss; and then, for the first time, I saw it—saw the hood, the terrible crackling in the moonshine! It was a Cobra di Capello! Shading my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances encountered mine, all would have been over; but apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard the

Lascar moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent, and striking a light. A thought suddenly struck me, and with an impulse I could then ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effect was so providential, I uttered in a loud, but sepulchral tone, 'Kulassi! 'Lascar! 'Sahib!' was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still again; for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head, as I suppose, fell on my naked arm. Oh, God! the agony of that moment, when suppressed tremor almost gave way to madness! I debated with myself whether I should again endeavor to attract the attention of the Kulassi, or remain perfectly quiet; or whether it would not be better than either to start up at once and shake the disgusting burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned, because of the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal; impeded by the heavy coils of the creature, weak and nerveless from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again, therefore, I spoke with the hollow but distinct accents which arise from the throat when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle: 'Lascar, a lantern!' 'I am bringing it, sir.' There was then a sound of clanking metal—light, advancing, flashed across the roof of the veranda—and at the noise of coming steps, lo! one after one its terrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body; and the last sounds that struck my sense and hearing were the 'Oh, God! a snake!' of the Lascar; for I fainted away for the first time in my life.

SAGACITY IN BIRDS.—The following remarkable instance of sagacity in the swallow, is taken from Everett's Life of Dr. Adam Clarke:

"The nearest approach to reason in animals I ever was witness," said the Doctor, "was at Ilatell Creek, near, I say, in Louisiana. Looking up to the eaves of a house, I saw a number of swallows' nests in a row, and no place of egress, I inquired of Mr. Beale, the proprietor of the building, how it was they came to be there, when he told me that in that neighborhood they were designated 'blind nests.' Before the return of the swallows in spring, some sparrows had taken possession of them. On the arrival of the original proprietors, attempts were made to eject the occupants; but the sparrows sat and maintained possession. Other swallows came to the aid of the lawful owners; but no power which they possessed would serve the purpose of ejecting the vicious squatters. Then they flew away, each returning, in a few seconds, with mud in his bill, when they closed up the holes, thus burying the sparrows alive; where, in those nests, they remain to this day. 'That,' said a friend, 'is a fine thing, who heard the relation, 'Was returning evil for evil, with a vengeance.' The Doctor, who was one of the last men to act on the *laissez-faire* system himself, commenced adverting, with an apt illustration, for the poor harmless swallows."

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